UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1224.

Original Poetry.

THE LOST ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY ISABEL ATHELSTONE.

The subject of the following poem was a beautiful boy, the idol of a little circle round which he shed continual joy and gladness. But the hand of death laid hold of him, and the bright spirit was suddenly swept away, the one to reanimate my shattered frame, and restore it to a new life, the loved one to the realms of the blest, of which he is, nevertheless heaven in the garden of his God. The position of the crushed bud will long linger with us.

Pale flower of early June!
Thou'rt drooped and died ere yet the autumn's breath
Had kiss'd thy brow. Softly the spoiler came
And nestled thy breath, so gentle to the wind
Of summer, cramped it 'er the violet's head.
The world has seen no sunlight round our hearth—
But the cold forms of death have paled thy brow,
And how'd thou down, sweet lily flower!

The dove
Has caroled its wooings, its angel wing
Is folded 'neath a feather now—tears can
We would have stay'd thy homeward flight, but then
What misery of ill, pining, and turmoil
To win the water rest. The harp is stilled,
Whose fairy breathing swept across our souls
Like the soft murmurs of the summer wind.
Will a rest wake to life within the light
Of that sweet land?

How beautiful there art!
The soft red tinge will linger on thy cheek,
And round the dimples of thy lips the rose
As if an angel one had stoop'd to earth,
And kiss'd away the last spilled drop had wrought.
Yes, still art beautiful: the azure light
Is dimm'd within'this starry eye, and round
Thy marble mouth, the hues of death have come
Fatally, as if a rose-mist had press'd there
But still the sleeper's touch scattered not the light
Of thy fair face, that we may love thee more
In Paradise. The breath that came from round
The snowy couch, and over the face of thy cot
From off their resting place, and the pale moss
Lends lovingly to the cheek
But he moves not.

And death has been with us here!
We bended not the scourager, his steps
Have press'd on known floors—we did not dream
That there could be, the footprint of death.
And this is death! I must be sorrow to die
In childhood's years, and yet'd the young life up.
As pure as thine unto the Father's love,
With thee in Heaven.

Brandywine, Pa.

Original Tales.

THE TRAP DOOR.

CONCLUDED

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY A LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could exceed the surprise and vexation which Jemmy Owen felt when he received the letter. The place was sold and the purchaser gone! It was past comprehension, and now what was to be done? to whom did this vast treasure, for such it appeared to him, belong? At any rate this was no longer a resting place for him, and yet to leave the gold pieces lurking was out of the question. He lingered about all the afternoon, and threw himself despondingly on the mattresses he had that morning purchased, without closing his eyes, and when morning came he was as far from knowing what to do as at first.

When he had finished his scanty breakfast he seated himself on the old stump near the ruin, and looked wistfully all around. If the man would but sell it to me, thought he, and perhaps he may, I could make up my mind in a moment. Perhaps that is the owner coming this way; but no, such a common-looking fellow could never pay so high a price for five acres of land without house or stables.

It was Allen, the carpenter by trade, employed to see Jemmy, tell him all that had occurred, and comfort him with the assurance that he should soon receive the principal and that he would exert himself to the utmost to be of service to him. He sent fifty dollars as a token of his regard, and begged him to let Allen know from time to time where a letter could reach him.

Poor Jemmy, the great strong man, wept like a child. "To think of sending me such a large sum," said he, "and he having but five hundred left for the passage of the three, and other expenses before him. The two hundred for the lady's father must have stripped him at least of half of the thousand, and I—oh, if I could but see one to consult—"

"Consult me," said Allen, "for I would go a great way to serve such a spirited young fellow as that. What is it you have to say? You may depend upon my acting fairly."

"Well, then—what is your first name?"

"Why, my name is Lewis—Lewis Allen, a good honest name, I assure you."

"I will trust you, Lou—I will trust you, and to begin, I must tell you that I am not the poor man that Mr. Maxwell thinks me to be. I have money enough to buy this place, build a house and live at my ease, and it is what I intended to do, if the poor young gentleman had not been so hasty."

"Well, so much the better if you are rich, for to all I have heard and seen, I am sure you get his money back again, now that he has lost the lady, for it was to please her that he bought it."

So the two young men went to the patched up room, and entered into a long talk about every thing in general, and nothing in particular, and when Allen rose to depart, Jemmy thrust a gold piece in his hand.

"What is this for?" said he, on looking at the half eagle.

"To buy a work box or a breastpin for your sweetheart," said Jemmy, "and I am sure you deserve it for your kindness to Mr. Rivers."

"Take back your money, friend," said Allen, "for I do like the place, and a married man, and expect soon to be a father, and in the second place, you will want every cent of your money."

"Well, can't you come and build a sort of log cabin here in case I buy the property? for I shall want a place to tally enough, to be sure."

"Why, I have no objection; and I am something of a gardener, too, so I may be of some use."

"It is a bargain, then," said Jemmy, 'and now I feel better satisfied; yet it grieves on me that Mr. Rivers should have acted so quickly in this matter of the sale."

"He will be back in the spring, perhaps in the winter, unless he finds friends in Paris, for his money will not last forever—aye, aye, there comes old Jarce, he looks blue enough I shall call across the garden here before he sees me."

"What are you doing here," said Jones, as he came hastily up the lane, "this place is mine, and I warn you off, I want no trespassers here."

"I am no trespasser, but an honest man, and have come on a fool's errand. I have a little money lying idle, poor as I look, sir, and as this place is well stocked with fruit, and has a fine water communication to three market towns, I thought to buy it, for I heard it was for sale."

"And how much did you expect to get it for?" said Jones.

"The land hereabouts sells for sixty dollars, but in consideration of there being no house or barn on it, I hoped to get it for fifty dollars an acre."

"You did—did you! Why, I gave two hundred dollars an acre, and thought it cheap; if you will return me the purchase money, you shall have the land, for the scrambled that I bought it of has—but this is no concern of yours. I presume the sum I paid is more than you command."

"Not more than I command, but more than I choose to give; for I should have to lay out a thousand or two more in stores and furniture, as well as a little market boat."

"Will you give me eight hundred dollars, then, for I would really enjoy now, as I am in pursuit of a great a rural as ever breathed, and it will take time to raise money for the purpose."

"At a word I will give you five hundred dollars," said Jemmy, his heart in his throat, lest his feelings should get the better of his prudence, and he should step in the man's offer.

"I'll see you to the —— first," said Jones, as he moved hastily away; but as time was pressing, and he had no ready money, he turned back, just as Jemmy was going to run after him.

"Can you give me cash, if I agree to sell you the land, and can I have the money immediately?"

"Aye, in half an hour, for it waits my order, all in gold, too: so get the papers ready, and I will join you—but where am I to meet you?"

"At Gainesville. be quick—how far have I to walk?"

"Oh, only up the next farm, and I can get a horse there and be with you by the time the papers are ready."

As soon as Jones was out of sight, Jemmy plunged down the ladder and counted out the requisite number of gold pieces, with a few to spare, and covering the place securely, passed over to the copse, where he presumed Allen still was. The young man was on the point of going, and was mounting the gig, and driving away the drove by a short cut to Gainesville. Allen was delighted to find that his new friend was to become the purchaser of the place, and so highly by Mr. Rivers, for the young man had spoken very feelingly of his regrets at parting with it, and hoped one day to own it again.

Jemmy Owen got out of the gig at a corner, and found his way to the office of the lawyer's office, where Mr. Jones and Mr. Maxwell stood waiting for him. In as short a time as human ingenuity could contrive, Mr. James Owen, and he counted in the lawyer's hand one hundred gold eagles. No sooner did the money appear than the deeds were drawn, and Mr. Maxwell set off at full speed in a road across the country, having been in every direction for the last hour or so, without getting the least clue to the runaways.

The lawyer sped Jemmy very closely after the delivery of the money, but he made nothing of the young man's open honest countenance. Jemmy asked him why the gentleman was in such a hurry, and whether they were in any danger, and this so set him on, that he became in a manner, that the gentleman if—got there was no harm in the young man, only that he had a slight suspicion that the counterfeit dollars an acre for land without improvements.

Jemmy hunted up Lewis Allen, and after showing his deeds, the young man shook his hand and hug, and Lewis, from the bottom of his soul, hoped that Mr. Rivers had planned the whole affair from the beginning, and had packed five hundred dollars.

"Now," said Jemmy, "you are to come down to the farm forthwith, I am carpenter by trade, and more of my craft are to be had, we will build a snug little house for your wife, and I shall lodge with you until such time as my own house is built, so let us to go business at once."

So they hired men and bought materials, and in less than a month a snug house was built near the east gate, in the very spot where the carpenter's lodge stood formerly, but which, with the other out-houses, had been burned down. All this time Jemmy slept and ate in the old house, but took no pleasure in the spot, and betraying any particular interest in the ruin, but suffering the workmen to pull up stones and level the cellars from the stump of a tree to the trap door lay: he sitting on the heaps of rubbish which he had piled on the top of it.

One day when the carpenter's house was finished, and Allen was detained in Gainesville by the indisposition of his wife, Jemmy thought he would take a look at the iron closet and see what further research of the same kind he could do, as to get a view of the other parts. He provided himself with a lamp and the proper tools, and lifting the trap door, he descended into the hole as well as he could that no one might suspect there was an opening. He removed the stones that had worked away with the sledge hammer and crow bar for at least fifteen minutes before he could effect his purpose. The iron side was then set off at last with a force as to send him full length backwards, and if it had not been for his hat and coat which fortunately broke the fall there, his head must have been broken.

After recovering from the shock he held the lamp forward, and saw another shelf filled with bags, which on opening were found full of ten dollar pieces or eagles—six bags and double pairs. The whole sum was on the last shelf.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the astonished man—"ninety thousand dollars! and here are parchments that must belong to some unfortunate young gentleman to as much more. Oh, why did I not tell him of the iron closet—of the trap door!"

But Jemmy Owen was not a man to give way to regrets, particularly with such heaps of gold before him, and he replaced the bags of gold through an opening on the other side of the iron closet, and thought his hand pressed against other bags, so he felt on with again, and by many battering and much twisting of the crow bar, he tore off the whole front, and thus acquired the forward part of the closet. Here were papers all placed in neat order and heavy books—ledgers, and such as are used by merchants in vast speculations.

"If I could be sure he would not starve, or main way with himself," thought Jemmy, "I think I would have a hanging a winter's log of it, for here is enough to make a man rich for all his troubles: I wonder if his cousin has any idea of all this. Well may the will run in his cousin's favor if the portion of the old man's property was to belong to his grandson. But it puzzled him to know who took the management of the bonds and mortgages, which he saw, all in such neat order in the papers below—did not the men trouble themselves to pay the interest on their bonds? This and much more passed through his brain, but he dismissed that branch of his speculations to devise means of safety for so much gold and so many valuable papers. One plan was to place it to Mr. Rivers' credit in some bank, but then came the difficulty of again knowing which bank was sound—for Jemmy knew how many of them were bankrupt.

Nothing, however, appeared so safe as to buy an iron chest, put the gold in it, and build a bed stead over it in such a manner as to come at small sums as they should be wanted, and which chest could be moved away quickly in case of fire, for he feared the wretches who had burned the houses once would be likely to do it again. After coming to this conclusion, he brought away a bag of half eagles and returned up the trap door as before.

Being ingenious and quick of motion, he soon had a strong iron chest in his chamber, and when unobserved, all the money was removed to it, and in a short time he had a strong built moveable closet in his chamber also, in which he carefully put all the books and papers. His hands and shoulders were still so sore and stiff in battering with iron tools, that he could not venture at the iron closet again, and it was not until two weeks after that he felt strong enough to force open the inner doors which had received no injury by his violence. The great joy, however, he found a bunch of keys in one of the drawers under the pigeon holes, and on reaching up, for the inner closets he found another bunch of small steel ledger holes, he found that one of the keys fitted the lock. After oiling the key, with some little difficulty he got the door open, and to his surprise, sure enough, were bags filled with doubloons, Louis d'ors, and other foreign coin with the amount written on each bag.

Of course Jemmy was beside himself with joy, but still, in the midst of all his transports, had a base thought entered his head. He felt sure that he might help himself freely to any sum that his necessities required, but he erased nothing further, for the extreme passion of his soul was to see his young friend in full possession of all this wealth. After he had completely emptied the iron closet, he was willing that the secret of the trap door should be found out, and he arranged it in such a manner that it came through the post office of the little town—stating her marriage, and the happiness she now enjoyed, though her husband was very poor, and could scarcely earn sufficient to support them.

Mr. Maxwell did not credit this account, but he supposed that Mr. Rivers deemed it convenient to impress her with a belief that he was poor. Being relieved from the iron grasp of his cousin, he wrote to Jemmy Owen, the son-in-law, which he still believed to be the son of the old man's friend, and was the captain of the packet in which Mr. Rivers had sailed—she thought that he might be able to tell where they were to be found.

"Well thought of, Patty, and that is the very thing to be done," said her husband, "and I am the one to go, for Jemmy would not leave the workmen one instant."

Jemmy received the letter, and was impossible, for that workmen would waste—this friends did not know of the gold in the iron chest—so that he immediately set off for Paris on the purpose, and the Captain was to draw on him for a thousand dollars, for the use of Mr. Rivers. A cause his place of residence could be found. Jemmy wrote a long letter to Leonard, but forbore to say any thing of the treasure in the iron chest, as the secret should be found out by Mr. Wellmer, and induce him to make strong, et and more unworthy efforts to get possession of the property. He told him, however, of the insurance money, and that Jemmy looked forthcoming, yet there was no waste, Jemmy was as careful and as anxious to save as if it were his own property.

Mrs. Allen presented Lewis with a fine healthy boy—and in token of friendship, he and his wife stood as sponsors, and were received by Jemmy as a great compliment, he determined if he were ever blessed with two sons, one of them should be called Lewis. The boy looked round, however, and saw no one, who would suit him as a mother to these unborn boys, who were to be called Leonard and Lewis, and when he was lamented about it, he said that he should wait till Master Leonard returned; perhaps the good lilted girl, called Eliza, might suit him as well as any one.

CHAPTER IV.

All winter did the carpenters and glaziers work at the house, and a good watch was kept up to prevent a second burning. At length it struck Jemmy that it was possible that the discovery of the villains who had set fire to the property, and it also struck the lawyer, Mr. Maxwell, that he proposed to draw up the advertisement, that the property must have been insured, and in that case, the owner at the time, could claim the insurance.

It was now April, and the weather was uncommonly mild, the trees were in leaf, and the flowers blooming, the grass was like velvet, and the birds in full song, and at this joyous time poor Leonard, with his little family, arrived in New York. The first person he met on the wharf was honest Allen, waving his hat in triumph, and there were the identical horses that had carried him to the house in the days of his fortune. Allen had hands nearly with Allen, Leonard's first inquiry was after his good friend Jemmy Owen, and Allen took good care to say that he very much regretted, because he would have been there to welcome his friends.

The left their baggage to the custody and accompanied by Allen, they proceeded to the house. No one was there, and they went round the house and saw that the lawn was in the very best order, and the flowers in full bloom, and the shrubs in the most luxuriant state, and the whole appearance of the place was that of a gentleman's residence.

Owen told him truly that he knew nothing of him, but hoped to hear of his safe return in a few days.

"Do you profess to be the owner of this property, sir?" said Mr. Wellmore.

"I am, sir," replied Jemmy, "and have my title clear; why do you ask?"

"Because I mean to dispute your title. I have been informed that you are a tenant, and a week hence of what has passed in my absence. The Insurance Company inform me both of the conflagration and the discovery of the persons who set fire to the property, and also of your claims on them for insurance."

"I claim the insurance in the name of Mr. Leonard Rivers," said Jemmy, "who has empowered me to act in his name; my papers are all in the hands of Mr. Rivers, as my lawyer—and you can begin to prosecute as soon as you like."

"I want to see the iron closet found among the rubbish in the cellar, were there are papers in it?"

"In clearing away the rubbish, to prepare the foundation of this house, the workmen found an opening, and on going down, they saw an iron safe or closet, but they said it was full of rubbish, and I desired to come and speak to this gentleman about the iron closet you found in the cellar?"

Mr. Peter told Mr. Wellmon of the manner of their finding the trap door, and that the closet appeared to have been broken by its fall, or forced open by the men who set fire to the house; and that the iron closet was now lying on its back in the new barn.

All this was plainly told, and corroborated by several other workmen, so that Mr. Wellmon had to be satisfied, though he appeared very much troubled. He went to the barn and examined the closet—but as Jemmy had got a blacksmith to work out the dents and bruises, made by the tools, and as the side which was thus most injured lay against the wall, nothing could be gathered from its appearance.

Mr. Wellmon was informed that a poor carpenter had suddenly become rich enough to give five hundred dollars for the land and to pay for buildings and out houses; and it was natural to conclude that in grasping among the ruins, he had found some of old Mr. Rivers' hoards of money. One man could no know that a week before the old gentleman died, he received two thousand dollars in gold, and that no messenger was ever employed by Owen, and saw, that in addition to the money found in the iron closet, he could claim the adjoining farms. The old gentleman had converted his bankstock into specie, for he feared, like many others, that bank notes would scarcely be worth more than kindling paper, and his intention was to purchase real estate, and buy up bonds and mortgages. As Leonard was on business of his own, and Jemmy Owen having a good opinion of Mr. Grove, the attorney, that gentleman was offered one of the adjoining farms and a handsome salary, for his services, which offer he accepted, and continued faithful and true to his patron's interest.

Mr. Maxwell, of course, was made comfortable in a small establishment of his own, for Leonard never felt comfortable toward him after the death of his father, and therefore sold out his estates and went away. At his death, by will, he left the greater part of his fortune to little Toby, who, it seems, was the doctor's son, but who had been left to the mercy of strangers. The boy was taken by Jemmy immediately, and placed at a good school.

Leonard Rivers never felt any superiority, never showed that he did not love and esteem Jemmy Owen as an equal—no brother could have been more dear to him, and as to Jemmy, he never thought of inequality. Over and over again would he tell his children of the stump of the old elm, which was still in its place, where he first saw Mr. Rivers, and how lovingly they slept side by side on the bare floor, and of his finding half of Mr. Rivers's cloak thrown over him one night, when it was chilly. Owen built a little summer house over the stump, which had been scraped and varnished; the floor of the summer house was paved all around the stump with small squares of marble. Not a spider or insect was to be seen in this little fairy place, though it was covered all year with honeysuckles, for Jemmy disturbed it himself. There he and Leonard used to sit, every day of their lives, surrounded by little children, who could not tell—even could any get them to tell—which they loved best, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, or their father and mother, and this was the case with Leonard's children also, who divided their little loves between their parents and their humble friend.

Many a man might find a Jemmy Owen if he would open his heart, though there might be no trap-door.

Original Poem.

THE DYING EXILE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD PULLOCK.

Upon his couch he lay,
That old deserted dying man,
And o'er his features were and was
Stole the last beams of day
In the far west like hopes of gold
The evening's rosy radiance told
The lake lay motionless and calm,
The earth was still, the air was balm,
In wavering pride the forest waved
In somber shadow slept the wood.
Each leaf an image a soft copy,
The dew drop'd reminded on the rose,
And all was purity far and grand,
The sunset of this western land
But in that little room alone,
With none to live to bustle round,
The calm family drew his breath,
Towards the heavy head of death,
He bended not the earth below,
His head was on the wall of stone,
But the young clergyman did, and to him the
His dying murmurs came

Oh, God! 'tis hard to die,
Thus from my native land away,
So lately hand of kindred nigh,
To cheer this dreary day

'tis weird I lay my head
Where my forefathers rest,
Even though the tyrant's cloud
Fell on my palsiview breast
would not ask one flower,
My lonely grave to grace
a that in that dark bour.
My rest might be still free.

h, could I rend once more
That well remember'd plain
h, could I see that fair green shore,
Those many hills again.
ain! it may not be,
Unpitiable hide of the red,
tyranny, above that land
So sadly filled by God

Where are the forms that once,
Ere life's first dreams had fled,
I might would turn a prying glance
upon my dying bed
e with my early hopes,
All dead and vanish'd all.
And here a lone deserted man
ment, remembered if I fall.

O, God! 'tis hard to die,
Torn from my native land away,
So lately hand of kindred nigh,
To cheer this dreary day

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But this strange companionship, this existence of constant excitement, this kind of life witnessed these two days, it surely does not always continue. You talk of years——

Yes, several years, and during that time the man has not been once missed from his business, never found jesting in the streets drunk or unattended by that woman, more constant, in truth, than a loving wife.

Why, here is mystery and romance with a vengeance! I really feel as if I could not leave without having to seek it out in hall or house. Tis a title too to be sure; had it been a shop, and not chambers I might do it, but as it is, mad and——may I say?—milkmaid.

I assure you there is no risk whatever in it. It is just as you see it and my li—a downright mystery, and that perhaps, is why I can be classed up.

I think the close, my dear fellow, a very simple one—the woman is mad.

Not a bit of it, she is perfectly rational of conference, I am told, far beyond the ordinary station in life—a little reserved to be sure.

Then he is a lunatic, and she his keeper—eh?"

For that I refer you to the cook, and all of that respectable calling who transact business with the lower class. He is not be characterised by any one particular quality, I would say that there is the making of the whole human life about him.

Pray, be kind enough," I said, "to tell me all you know respecting this curious Pair. I am really interested in them."

In what I have said already," replied Sainsbury, resuming his seat, "I have told you all or very nearly all, that I believe anybody else, knows of them. My little information is chiefly acquired from hearing the servants gossip about them: but I very well remember that, on the first appearance of the Pair in this vicinity, they excited a good deal of speculation and inquiry among every class in Walworth. It is now more than eight years ago since this man's predecessor—the purveyor, as he grandiloquently was wont to call himself, or milk to take large district—died. His duties, which I fancy were lucrative things enough, were immediately sold, and taken by a person who, we have since learned, would not only continue to supply Walworth with their produce, but from motives of economy or necessity would deliver it himself. Accordingly, the man you have seen in the morning appeared; and all was uniform and punctual as before. In a few days, however, he came, attended by that mysterious female, dogged precisely as you have seen him an hour ago, and at once the heart of every lady in the parish was on fire from curiosity and suspicion. From the kitchen of the servants to that of the drawing-room, and the commissions of inquiry, in the shape of sentimental maids, were set on foot to ascertain if the strange milk-vendor and his stranger shebacker. Mr. Sainsbury, to put up a long conference until the next packet should sail for Heligoland. He lived at Walworth, where for years was an extensive suburb on the Surrey side of London,—had now unexpectedly into the great mass of the metropolis. It was late in August—my friend's family were all at the Isle of Wight—and I found time to do the honors of the house but himself and his eldest son, a young lad of eighteen, were absent, and I was in excellent manner.

On finding that I was not disposed to go out on the following morning, he recommended me to the library and some portfolios of choice engravings, and departed for his haunts of business in the city.

I wandered constantly from the page back to home, forward to Heidelberg, and, after a while I laid down the volume to gaze vacantly through the window. It overlooked the garden, the new grass of which had previously wet there was nothing to arrest my eye but a—or a mid-dreamy attention. No, she loves but to pursue, her own she have had the impudence to be unusually active in my acquaintanceship, and their patience and extensively have long consumed themselves even to the 7 Yeast, and, as I may be only the when of an eccentric woman that leads her thus to persecute an inoffensive person. I cannot think so. I am persuaded there is some peculiar occurrence in their past lives that has thus mysteriously associated them—that has made inseparable. Why else should they be drawn them forcibly into contact. What the nature of this strange sympathy may be, I cannot say, but that it exists, I am sure.

Has no one attempted to unriddle it before now?

Not with any prospect of success. Of course there has been a thousand conjectures passed upon the lower orders of people, the prevalent opinion being that the woman once possessed a large sum of money, out of which the Mammell (for such is his name) contrived to cheat her: and that she has ever since been fascinated him. so they very appropriately term it.

Perhaps," I said, with a forced laugh—for despite of myself, the story was exciting my imagination to the well as curiosity—" she really is a victim! from another world!"

There are many who believe some who say so," replied my friend. "But however ghost-like her mission and appearance may be, I believe that she is human, and as yet she is not sinner in the flesh."

And Jack Pair—where and how do they reside?

The man lives at his dairies, a considerable way from here, and although he has, I am told, no other business connected with it, and is not but on his daily business. He is of a serious, methodistical disposition, and, I understand, affects devotional reading a good deal; yet he is never seen at a place of worship. He has a comfortable home, and yet also is sometimes on roads with him. The woman—it is hardly other, lasts dare honour, for some mercantile ply-room-far away, buried in the heart of the city, yourts passed since that little room was opened me with their wild suggestions for a longer time was either pleasing or justifiable. The conclusion, was either to—to—some fiend—and by the so often in contact with these singular persons, was not the safest or by any means the

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Is it what's the matther, sir? Matther enough this—a poor creither of a woman lodging with me—is now lying well with the fever. She wasn't to say as bad entirely till this evening—but when begin to rave, and use upon get 'up an' gone' on with terrible talk, that it would frighten the heart of you to hear her.

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CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.

From the Magazines.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

MILKMAN OF WALWORTH.

A Strange Tale.

PART I.

My father had determined that I should finish my education at a German University. Accordingly, on my way to the continent, I accepted the invitation of my father's banker, Mr. Sainsbury, to put up at his residence until the next packet should sail for Hertzenstein. He lived at Walworth, which years ago an extensive suburb on the Surrey side of London,—had now incorporated into the great mass of the metropolis. It was late in August—my friend's family were all at the Isle of Wight—and I found time to do the honors of the house but himself and his eldest son, a young lad of eighteen, were absent, and I was in excellent manner.

On finding that I was not disposed to go out on the following morning, he recommended me to the library and some portfolios of choice engravings, and departed for his haunts of business in the city.

I wandered constantly from the page back to home, forward to Heidelberg, and, after a while I laid down the volume to gaze vacantly through the window. It overlooked the garden, the new grass of which previously wet there was nothing to arrest my eye but a—or a mid-dreamy attention. No, she loves but to pursue, her own she have had the impudence to be unusually active in my acquaintanceship, and their patience and extensively have long consumed themselves even to the 7 Yeast, and, as I may be only the when of an eccentric woman that leads her thus to persecute an inoffensive person. I cannot think so. I am persuaded there is some peculiar occurrence in their past lives that has thus mysteriously associated them—that has made inseparable. Why else should they be drawn them forcibly into contact. What the nature of this strange sympathy may be, I cannot say, but that it exists, I am sure.

Has no one attempted to unriddle it before now?

Not with any prospect of success. Of course there has been a thousand conjectures passed upon the lower orders of people, the prevalent opinion being that the woman once possessed a large sum of money, out of which the Mammell (for such is his name) contrived to cheat her: and that she has ever since been fascinated him. so they very appropriately term it.

Perhaps," I said, with a forced laugh—for despite of myself, the story was exciting my imagination to the well as curiosity—" she really is a victim! from another world!"

There are many who believe some who say so," replied my friend. "But however ghost-like her mission and appearance may be, I believe that she is human, and as yet she is not sinner in the flesh."

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United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1865.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the Saturday Post, one copy for one year, and one of the last numbers.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the Saturday Post, and one novel.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, three copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Every thing has its season; and the commencement of a new year is always another topic in the newspapers, for the great number of statistical paragraphs which it throws under the public gaze. The recollection of this will be found "in spots" all over this day's paper. So many of the "lone mills," State and national, which—possibly next to every public office—are making returns and reports, that facts become plenty as blackberries in their season, and figures as abundant as leaves in Vallombrosa. And not only are the official customs up of accounts-by, but those curiously constituted minds which delight in tables and calculations are also at work, each throwing into the newspaper hopper his grist of items and deductions.

The world knows very little, in fact, about itself, as the curiosity and surprise with which these figures are read, sufficiently shows. We glad about each man in his sphere, without a thought how the rest of the world is jogging. Accustomed to the use of certain articles of comfort and convenience, we never stop to count them, as they fall in our way, without a thought how much capital and labor are employed to produce the various articles which have become essentials in our economy. We hardly spare a thought, and as seldom a look, beyond the little bustle of our own domestic world—except just at this season. We know that these distant cities can so have grown up since we last heard of them—that distant States have grown such wealth and consequence—and that such large tracts of wilderness have been civilized by plough and spade, and brought within the limits of energetic county.

In a few weeks the marvel will have passed away; and forgetting the figures and statistics each of us will be dreaming on again, in the circumference of his own half bushel, till the opening of another new year awakens each of us as we list, with another "How ta! what is the world coming to!"—and then to dose again. Meanwhile some prophetic figurer has demonstrated that at the present rate of progression, these United States, in the year of grace 1900, will contain more than one hundred millions of people. Who will be President then? Will the Union endure? We hope and believe so—and if it does, what a mightier monarch than any Cæsar will be the Republican President of the United States! But how few of us who read this paragraph, will see that day—how few indeed are the most of us that fifty years hence will be now of our business.

Still—like individual ants in the mound—each of us, in his sense way, doing his unconscious share in the progress of events. No man can be idle—strive he ever so earnestly to avoid participation in the march of events. We are all busy—blindly it may be—but still busy and on the merest insignificance in any one of our lives, may hang consequences to millions.

The political cauldron seems to boil with a gentler bubbling than perhaps at any recent inauguration. Gossip mongers never were so completely at fault as now. Perfect silence is maintained at head quarters, as to what the new administration will do. Letter writers invent news and intelligence—but with so little the concert and unanimity—that one is reminded of the other, and the anxious groper into political futurity, is left as much in the dark as ever.

In the literary world, there are some symptoms of a fresh stir; and we hope that among the enterprises of '65, there will be one to enlighten us upon the condition of things. There are ghostly intimations that the public is tired of the "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of poor cheap literature—and sensible that bad books are dear at a farthing a volume.

We would bespeak the reader's attention to the sale from Blackwood, commenced on the first and concluded on the last page of this day's paper—"The Milkman of Walworth." Its interest will carry him to the end; if he but once commences; and the lesson it teaches, is certainly a good one.

FRANKFORD LYCEUM.

While literature makes slight organizations for making knowledge popular, and furnishing rational amusement and instruction, appear in our cities to have been almost a delight, in the smaller towns and boroughs they are as effective in the prosecution of their objects, and as firm in their hold upon the public affection as ever. Of this it has been our privilege to receive ocular evidence in several places, this winter, both in this State, and in New England. The substantial and homogeneous population of a small town does not change its fashions with the acidity of the year which we witness in a metropolis; and when they have once determined upon a measure, they pursue it as long as it gives evidence of usefulness.

The Frankford Lyceum has been so successful as to erect a commodious hall for its meetings, besides advantages for the society Meeting, lectures, &c., another benefit is derived, in the shape of revenue from rents. It is now in a prosperous condition, and promises long to remain so. At the annual meeting held last week, the following named gentlemen were elected officers of the institution for the ensuing year: President, Enoch Roberts. Vice Presidents, Leonard Shallcross, Harvey Quicksall. Recording Secretary, Samuel Hazard. Corresponding Secretary, Doctor Robert Burns. Treasurer, Dr. John F. Lamb. Managers, Dr. Betsey Taylor, William Cummings, Enoch Arthur, Ezra Shallcross, Nathan Hillis, William H. Duffield, Edward G. Lee.

TEXAS.

Dates from Texas are to the 21st December. We find little of general interest in the papers, except the valedictory message of Gen. Houston, and the inaugural of President Lamar. In his valedictory the Ex-President tells Texas that the United States have twice spurned her from their door, and if Texas "goes to Congress again for admission," she may get spurned again. He, therefore, advises her to wait till she is asked, and in the meantime "to work out her own political salvation." President Lamar, in his inaugural, says nothing about annexation. The Galveston Civilian says that the question will soon be laid before the people of Texas, in a tangible and authentic shape. Whether they will take an acknowledgment of their independence from Mexico, coupled with the condition of declining annexation to the United States, or await the chances of union with this country.

THE ANTI-RENTERS.

Matters are proceeding now, quietly in the disturbed districts of New York. In Columbia County the tenants have commenced paying their rents, and in several places meetings in support of order and law have taken the place of the "Indian" assemblages. No further arrests have been made beyond the few ringleaders just arrested. Many of the "Indians" have made bonfires of their disguises, and all the parties now look with patience to legislative action for the adjustment of what they consider grievances.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

As a matter of course, the newspapers are full of speculations as to what the President will do, and what he will not, and as to whom he will appoint, and whom he will remove. This is all very natural, and we dare say it may be proper enough; but to undertake to steer our way, ourselves, in any such probability, from these very various guesses, is a hopeless task.

Mr. Lincoln has received invitations to visit several places, en route to Washington; but in answer to these invitations he says that inconvenience of Administration and 176,000 Southerners until the early part of February next, which will require him to proceed by the most direct route, immediately on his arrival at Washington City. He will meet probably over the mountains, overland from Wheeling, and by railway from Cumberland direct to Washington.

Among the last names in relation to his cabinet, we find the following: Reuben M. Saunders, will be appointed to the Post Office Department, Robert Wilker, the State, George Bancroft, the Treasury, and Gen. Armstrong, War Department. Others give the State Department to Mr. Stephenson, of Va.; but the authority for any of these surmises, it is impossible to fix. Mr. Lincoln, on reaching Washington, does not know, or will not tell what are the intentions of Mr. P., and in this respect has shown himself a match for any one that he is to be his brother's private secretary.

Mr. Tyler, it is predicted, will have a foreign mission—possibly that to England. Mr. Blair, of the Globe, it is also said, is to have a foreign mission. The Globe and the Madisonian, it is also suggested, are to be united, and Mr. Rinkle, of the Richmond Enquirer, or Mr. Claiborne, of Mississippi, is to be the editor. Finally, for this day's budget of rumors, it is—*predicted* that the Hon. Andrew Johnson will succeed Governor in some form or other—that the Senate will reject the same—and that Mr Pelt will call an extra session of one of his first measures. And it is also said that Mr. P. will make few, if any removals, contenting himself with filling vacancies by appointments from friends, when vacancies occur, and not before. "All which," as the lawyer's say, "is respectfully submitted." The reader knows just as much and satisfactorily as we, the editor; and if he is tolerably shrewd in guessing, he undoubtedly knows more.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Probably there is no nation under the Sun which has such an immense property, as lies unguarded or noticed, as are the Public Lands of the United States. From a recent report of the Secretary of the Treasury, we get some interesting facts relative to this subject.

It appears that the sales of public lands are still on the increase, being, for the calendar year just ended, one million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty-eight acres; showing an excess over the sales of the previous year, of one hundred and forty-seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-four acres, and of the year preceding that, of six hundred and seventeen thousand nine hundred and forty-one acres. The sales have consisted of small subdivisions of the public land to different individuals—mostly of eighty and one hundred and sixty acre lots—intended by the purchasers for their own immediate occupancy and cultivation; and they seem to have kept pace with the agricultural demand, with little or no interruption from the investments of speculation.

The quantity sold, however, bears but a small proportion to that in the market during the same time; six million six hundred and seventy-three thousand acres—a little over two hundred and ty-eight acres of new land having been offered at public sale, in addition to what had been previously offered, large residues of which still remained on hand. The public lands are inherited to of keeping up activity in the surveys, and bringing the public lands into market as soon as surveyed. The cost of the work is thus incurred but once.

LIBERAL BEQUESTS.

A wealthy citizen of Boston, John Parker, has left by will, public and private bequests to the great amount of $341,000. In the Boston Atlas we find the following summary of the provisions of his will:

"Mr. Parker has bequeathed $84,000 to the following public institutions, viz: $50,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, the interest of which is to be expended for the support of infirm and poor students, under direction of the Governor of the State, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the President of Harvard University for the time being—$10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the support of free beds, in addition to the number in the hospital on the day of his death. These two legacies are payable at the death of his widow. Mr Parker has also given $4,000 to the Farm School, $4,000 to the Howard Benevolent Society, $2,000 to the Massachusetts Temperance Society, $1,000 to the Widow's Society, $5,000 to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, $3,000 to the Blind Asylum, $2,000 to the Boston Dispensary, $2,000 to the Natural History Society, and $1,000 to the Seamen's Aid Society.

Besides these, there are many legacies to private individuals, among which is one of $10,000 to his pastor, the Rev. George Putnam.

BOOTLESS COURAGE.

We find in the Hartford Times a narrative which will make the blood run cold. The undisputed father of the parent, and his subsequent sufferings make his lot scarce preferable to that of the lost. The circumstances of the case, briefly stated, are as follows: A son of a fireman at one of the Rhymney furnaces, was playing about the rails, when the child slipped, and, horrible to relate, he fell into the furnace. His father, with more affection than prudence, immediately sprang after his child. There is no danger for the child, and strange to say, he was quick enough to catch and throw him out. It was too late, however, for the father was consumed to ashes. The father had new exchanged situations with his child, and found the greatest difficulty in exchanging himself out, but, as soon as he succeeded, he was senseless. The poor fellow was carried home, in a dangerous and uncertain state.

MOST SINGULAR.

We find in the English papers a curious narrative, illustrative of the manner in which big stones make great men. In the graveyard of Dunsaving year: President, Enoch Roberts. Vice Presidents, Leonard Shallcross, Harvey Quicksall. Recording Secretary, Samuel Hazard. Corresponding Secretary, Doctor Robert Burns. Treasurer, Dr. John F. Lamb. Managers, Dr. Betsey Taylor, William Cummings, Enoch Arthur, Ezra Shallcross, Nathan Hillis, William H. Duffield, Edward G. Lee.

BOSTON COAL TRADE.

At this season for the publication of statistics, we find many interesting statements afloat relative to the coal trade of States and Cities, and the reader will observe that they have been transferred to the columns of our paper. The report of the importations of coal into Boston, during the year just past, shows the great share which Pennsylvania holds in the prosperity of other States; and the increase in the consumption of her great staple.

During 1864 the importations of coal into the Boston market, constwise, amounted to 199,506 tons of Anthracite and 176,695 tons of Bituminous. Of this quantity 130,553 tons of the Anthracite were from Philadelphia, and 490 tons and 170,550 bushels of Bituminous from Richmond. The foreign importations for the year were 7,902 tons and 18,977 chaldrons of Bituminous coal. The importations somewhat exceeded those of 1863 by 29,112 tons of Anthracite and 20,037 bushels of Bituminous.

COLUMBIAN CLAIMS.

A letter from Carthagena, published in the Journal of Commerce, states that Mr. Blackford, our Charge D'Affaire at Bogota, has just succeeded in settling with the Government of New Granada, the old "Mirosi" claim, which has been pending for upwards of twenty years. It is settled too, in a most satisfactory manner, and after a great deal of difficulty. This is the first instance of a foreign Minister in Bogota having succeeded in effecting a settlement with the Government of a claim against the late Republic of Colombia; a precedent of great importance, and which ought to give encouragement to the holders of other Colombian claims. Mr. Blackford has settled also, the claim of the Espinance, and several others. Mr. Blackford's success, is due to his long understanding the strong and constant reclamations of his predecessors.

MARYLAND.

The Annual Message of the Governor of Maryland, treats largely of the finances of the State. It appears, that the arrears of interest had accumulated on the 1st Dec., 1864, to $1,450,964. It is to this evident that the State must immediately taken, to arrest this annual accumulation of debt, or that it will soon swell to an amount which will be overwhelming. The message shows, that the tax bills which have been heretofore passed, have proved inadequate and inefficient; in some instances not producing more than a fraction of the sum estimated. It states also, that in seven counties the law has not all enforced. The tax system has also almost entirely failed of its object, yielding nothing worth considering, out of the city of Baltimore. Either laws are ineffective, or there is great remissness in executing them.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The "Old Bay State" is in a most prosperous condition, open which the Governor, in his message to the Legislature, congratulates them. He commends the most reforms introduced into the State prisons, and suggests farther improvements. He recommends the immediate organizing terms of the cause of general education. The expenditures of the State for 1864 are stated at $415,306 11, with paid $417,501 78. Total $462,844 82. The receipts for 1864, were $447,738 04; excess of expenditures $15,106 78. The amount paid for papers in accommodating purchasers for their own immediate occupancy and cultivation; and they seem to have kept pace with the agricultural demand, with little or no interruption from the investments of speculation.

The quantity sold, however, bears but a small proportion to that in the market during the same time; six million six hundred and seventy-three thousand acres—a little over two hundred and ty-eight acres of new land having been offered at public sale, in addition to what had been previously offered, large residues of which still remained on hand. The public lands are inherited to of keeping up activity in the surveys, and bringing the public lands into market as soon as surveyed. The cost of the work is thus incurred but once.

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We find in the English papers a curious narrative, illustrative of the manner in which big stones make great men. In the graveyard of Dunfermline, Scotland, while the sexton was digging a grave, a *skull was from that which adorned it*, and which was also open, and as the terrified man started back, *adorned* fronted him. He then fled on to the road, crying aloud for mercy. Another man hearing the alarm, and being told the story of it, had sufficient courage to go to the spot, and there saw the head still moving. Unfrauded he took it up, and on examination, found within it two moles, which had made it their retreat, and had given it motion! Every unusual occurrence has not yet been accounted for, although there is every reason to believe that the world is stocked with ghost stories. Hundreds might have seen that skull move, if they had not slipped, and horrible to relate, could possibly have guessed the cause of the motion, without such examination as the sexton's interest led him to give the subject.

APPROPRIATIONS.

The following are the details of the three Appropriation bills introduced into the House on Monday. The Senate bill assigns

Revolutionary and other pensions	$ 1[illegible],000
Arrival	1[illegible],000
Under the act of 1850	1[illegible],000
	1[illegible],000
Widows, for 1865	1[illegible],000
Act of July, 1864	1,[illegible]00,000
Arrearages, &c.	1,[illegible]00,000

For the Military Academy, at West Point, are appropriated

Officers, Instructors and Cadets	$[illegible]4,[illegible]4[illegible]
Commutation and subsistence	[illegible]8,[illegible]40
Repairs and improvements	[illegible]7,[illegible]70
Fuel, &c.	[illegible]6,[illegible]00

And for the General Post Office

Post Masters	$[illegible]2,[illegible]00
Clerks, Route letters	[illegible]1,[illegible]00
Wrapping papers, &c.	[illegible]5,[illegible]00
Advertising	[illegible]1,[illegible]00
Mail Bags	[illegible]1,[illegible]00
Blanks	[illegible]1,[illegible]00
Locks, keys and stamps	[illegible]5,[illegible]00
Mail Depredations	[illegible]0,[illegible]00
Clerks in Post Offices	[illegible]00,[illegible]00
Miscellaneous	[illegible]0,[illegible]00

MEXICO.

Late advices from Mexico state that Santa Ana has been formally banished, from that country, by a decree of Congress. He will remained inactive at Guanaxo, with about three thousand troops. The people of Mexico (city) had become thoroughly disgusted by their military tyrant, and would have driven him out, supported by the troops, which had been withdrawn from the capital for that purpose. Juarez is at the head of affairs, and is said to be a man of great energy and courage.

LUCKY MAN.

William Jones, of Georgetown, British Guiana, has learned that he is heir to a fortune of one million and a half pounds sterling—$7,500,000—left by a distant relative, who died in the back of Alsace, in Holland, which was deposited there by his uncle fifty years ago. He knew that he was the heir, but had lost the means of obtaining the proofs as well as a knowledge of the bank in which it had been deposited. He was already in comfortable circumstances, the reward of his industry as an adventurer in British Guiana.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

The Mineral Statistical state, the whole amount of coal sent by Railroad and Canal from Schuylkill County, in 1864, at 871,666 tons; coal used by the Lehigh Navigation Company, and quantity shipped in 1864 by 173,264 tons, and the amount sent from all the Anthracite regions in 1864 to be 3,000,000 of tons. The Journal says: Should nothing intervene to check the growing prosperity of the country, we confidently anticipate a shipment of at least 1,000,000 of tons of coal from Schuylkill county the present year.

A NEW NOTION.

The Farmer's Club, in New York, are talking over the feasibility and propriety of establishing an Agricultural College in the vicinity of that city, at which youth will be educated in the theory and practice of agriculture. The scheme looks plausible—and it is said is about to be tried in the vicinity of London. There they have a Royal Agricultural College, devoted in Agriculture, and healthful exercise and employment to the usual course of education, would be a highly useful one.

SLANDER.

At a recent session of the Common Pleas Court, at Cambridge, Mass. Margaret K. Russell, a daughter of Hon. Joseph Russell, of Quincy, U. Curtis, her guardian, against J. Q. A. Russell, for slander, in words spoken against her fair fame, and recovered damages to the amount of eighteen hundred dollars.

ALABAMA.

The census of Alabama for the year 1844, exhibits a population of 618,527 souls. In 1850 the population was 590,756. Increase in four years 34,074. The population of Mobile is 29,258, which, if correct, shows a decrease since 1840, of 916.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

The steamer Capital was burned on the 28th ult., about 70 miles below St. Louis, and Mr. Dallyrymple, from Lynn, Mass., was also burned. All the other passengers escaped, with the loss of baggage and property.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Railroad Mania—Sunflower Speculation—Immense Loss—Shocking Suicide—Fatal Duel—Enormous Bequests and Donations—Curious Will—Post Office Statistics—Irish Murders—Abduction—Gladstone—Longevity—Crimes on the Continent—Prince Napoleon—Opinion of Gen. Regal, and other Gossips—American Loss and Confiscation—American Consul General Dudley—An American Officer at Christiania.

Bristol, England, Dec. 3, 1844.

Our people are going absolutely mad on the subject of railroads, and are entering into enterprises of all kinds with the same avidity that marked the South Sea bubble, more than 100 years ago. Forty-one new prospectuses for railroads have just been issued, which with roads just begun or applied for, will make 121 new lines, requiring a capital to be expended, of £120,000,000 sterling, or cash for the shares. Meanwhile the railways projected in Ireland, will employ 200,000 men. Then there is a new scheme also, called the sun flower speculation, a prospectus of which states, that 100 acres cropped with sun-flowing, will yield a net profit per all expenses, of £2,000 on £2,400 in a year. Messrs. Ainsworth & Scott, of Preston, Lancashire, have just completed the largest cotton factory ever built, which will covers nearly an acre and a half of ground, will hold 1,650 looms, requiring 825 hands to attend to drive the machinery. They will turn out 50 yards of cloth per minute. While on the subject of speculations, it may not be amiss to put your readers in possession of a comparative estimate of the expenses of wood and iron ships. A ship of wood, costing £72,000, would require £45 000 for wood, and £12,000 for labor—the rest for sundries. A ship of iron, costing £72,000, would require only £25,000 for iron, and about £20,000 for labor. Therefore, I say, iron for ever!

Mr. Thomas Brunton, a Methodist, died a few days ago, at Rhiwgyr, Newport, Wales, in the Wesleyan Chapel of that town, and £20,000 to be divided between the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and several local hospitals, and other public charities. Nearly £5,000 was useful to the Rev. John Wesley, who, according to biographer Watson, gave nearly £30,000 to the poor, during his life. Another useful fact. At Liverpool, last week, nearly £700 was collected at a meeting of the Missionary Society. Thomas Bagster, Ex-Mayor of Liverpool, has presented one hundred to the "Sailors' Home," of that port, an institution of great utility, and of which I made a simple to you. It is a great pleasure to record these acts of benevolence. They are gratifying signs of the times, and show the spread of genuine Christian feelings and practices.

The directions of letters are sometimes rather odd. For example, one passed through the Sudbury Post Office the other day, addressed thus:

"Passenger coming this letter straight,
To Mr. Joseph Street
At London, 29 Chippenger,
Next door London Bridge, the sort."

A curious entry has been found in a parish register, at Kingsbridge, Devon: That, on May 13, 1733, Samuel Baldwin, whose body in accordance with his last will, was not into the vault of his ancestors, but buried in the Needle Rocks. And this because his wife was such a scold, that she threatened that she would not allow her relations to rest even in earth, living or dead." To avoid the consequences of this sacrilegious threat, he ordered that his body should be sent into the sea.

The number of letters sent through the London Post Office, in 1843, was 240,000,000. In 1858, before the rates of postage were lessened to about a penny, it was 75,000,000. Truly Mr. Hill, the national reformer, is the department, deserved the estate which has been subscribed for him, and which he presented to his public testimonial—not by the Government, but by the people.

The number of Irish residents in Great Britain, are officially returned as follows:

In England,	108,196
In Wales,	2,376
In Scotland,	126,324
In the small Islands,	7,334
Total,	443,956

Of the above there live in

London,	73,133
Liverpool,	49,630
Manchester,	34,394
Glasgow,	44,345
Birmingham,	4,685
Paisley,	4,600

At Gibraltar, early last month, a boat, belonging to a long-ship, was capsized in a squall, and Captain Shaw and Gosling, with six men, were drowned. A few days since, a beautiful girl, named Miss Gillicuddy, living near Killarney, was seized at midnight in her bed by ruffians, and carried off into the mountains, doubtless to compel a forced marriage. Her mother was nearly beaten to death in attempting to save her child from abduction. A similar case, too, has occurred at Ballinrobe, for which the offenders are in custody. Mr. Gladstone is about to visit Paris for a few days, a glorious name Lincoln, a very zealous woman, died near Sligo. Her age was one hundred. She was 76 years of age, and on the night she died, she danced with Sir Wales, there is an old man now living, who has attained the extraordinary age of 120 years, and is known as Tithe Jack. He is said to have been under six sovereigns. He frequently walks several miles to visit his youngest daughter, who is 81 years of age.

Among the foreign items, there are one or two and crimes. At Munich, while a member of the Municipal Council was engaged in his duties, his young and beautiful wife and her maid-servant, were savagely murdered at his residence, and the house plundered of much valuable property. A man-servant is in custody, charged with the foul crime. In Bohemia, two young men have been executed lately for being accessory to the murder. They were members of an Association of unarmigated infamy. Their object of this association (the name) was to foment quarrels between neighbors and friends; and if any member got into difficulty, the rest were bound to help him out of it by fair means or foul—perjury! witness! Truly, "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Teubeck, who attempted to assassinate the King of Prussia, is to be banished his country for life.

Prince Albert has been very successful in feeding cows. In the month of August of his, weighing new 210 stone, is expected to take the principal prize at the Smithfield Cattle Show, which, of course, it will be sent to. He renders himself very popular by his patronage and love of such pursuits. The Duke of Bedford is also a great patron of agriculture; Earl Delaware is to be raised by the Queen, to the Dukedom of Dorset. The last Duke of Dorset, and the last male heir of his line, was killed by a fall from his horse, in 1815. Lord Gifford is about to marry a daughter of the Hon. Capt. M. Fitzhardinge Berkeley. Lord Teignham has become a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, and has recently been preaching at a Baptist Chapel in Liverpool, where he is very eloquent. General Nott, one of the heroes of Afghanistan, lies dangerously ill at Cheltenham, and, of course, it will be a long Queen of Sweden have recently undergone the pompous and ancient ceremonial of the coronation in Stockholm. Louis Philippe is the 9th King of France, who has received the Knightly order of the Garter. There is an *ode* in the Parisian circles, to the effect that a married daughter of Louis Philippe, with a very general officer. Mrs. Tyrwhit, a lady of wealth, has been committed to take her trial, on a charge of stealing a silver teapot, on board a ship in London. In the Court of Bankruptcy at Birmingham, a tradesman who had become insolvent, inserted among his losses, £3,000—lost in bets on horse-racing!

American lead and American candles are arriving at our ports in considerable quantities. Both articles meet with a ready sale. Manchester has been made a bonding-port, with Customs House &c. Immense quantities of cotton and other goods, are already stacked there for the Government ware-houses. The Hon. Mr. White, American Consul at Cowes, pool, has been presented to the Chamber of Commerce in Liverpool. A very large number of American gentlemen are now in Europe, and excellent speeches were made on the occasion—and he partook of the splendid collation. I am glad to see that the British residents at Canton, China, have forwarded, through the proper authorities, a public letter of thanks to Capt. Tatnall, of the Wyoming, for his conduct in the violence and outrages of the Chinese mob. Such men are an honor to the flag of their country.

Local Intelligence.

THE SUFFERERS.

Our readers all remember that a meeting was called during the Southwark riots, for the purpose of raising a subscription for the relief of families of those who fell in the suppression of the disturbances. The sum contributed in this purpose was $10,000, and the Committee appointed the charge of the application of the money, have just published a report of their doings. From this report, we gather that $3,672 has been paid to the different sufferers, and $7,209 invested for them or their survivors, which with $32 00 for expenses, make up the sum received.

The larger items of appropriation are as follows:

To James Crawford, a member of the Washington Artillery, who lost an arm—$2,000: to relatives of Sergeant Geier and Corporal Trontman, of the same company, $2,000 in each case, and in each $150 were paid beside, as funeral expenses. To the families of Charles Kaphan and Alfred Dutton $1,000 each. These two men died of diseases arising from the expense.

The other larger appropriations were: to Capt. R. K. Scott, (by him placed in the military fund of his Company) $500; to Michael Matthews, 2d Pennsylvania, $250: to George Mole, $200; Robt. Gallagher, $200; Charles Dougherty, $150; Cotton Russell, $150; Koch, Wagner, Ritzl, $100 each; $100 was paid to the remainder in smaller sums, from $15 to $50.

THE POOR.

A report of his Mission at Large, has just been published by the indefatigable and worthy Rev. John Street. We copy two paragraphs from which our readers will understand:

In the past month, there has been six hundred and fifty-six dollars and seventy-five cents distributed in clothing, viz: 1 hundred and 1 wood, and fire and a half tons of coal, to two hundred and eight necessary families with food and clothing, &c., of various kinds, to several hundred widows, children and widows, to which a full report has been given to your Treasurer, and which we trust we hope will be appreciated by the benevolent.

N. B.—Any donations, in money, old clothing, food, &c., will be thankfully received, on behalf of the poor and in line directed to me through the Post Office, or at my house, or they may be sent to my residence, or left at Mr. Hunsicker's Bookstore, No. 1 North Fourth street, near Arch; or with the Treasurer, Thomas T. Mason, No. 108 Market street; or E. Wetherill, No. 48 Market street; E. J. Yard, No. 23 Spruce street; J. M. Thomas, No. 1 Market street.

The whole number of passengers that have arrived at this port during the past year from foreign countries, is 5,405, and the amount of head money received by the State agent for the same, is $4,207. To this should be added about 400, to cover the number of children, who are required to pay but half price. The total for the year would place the whole number of passengers of foreign origin that have arrived at this port, at about 5,800. Besides these, there is a considerable number that are landed at Wilmington, from vessels bound to this port, in consequence of the size of land money being much less there than here.

ANOTHER SHOOTING CASE.—On Friday evening last, some evil disposed person, fired a load of large shot from a gun or pistol, through a window, into the residence of a Mr. Schofield, at the N. E. corner of Prime and Front streets. Mr. Schofield and Mr. Barnes, both of whom are members of the newly constituted police, had entered the house but a few moments previous, and it is supposed that the gun was fired at them.

ARRESTED.—The notorious Dick Manley, against whom there are several charges pending, was arrested at Whitemarsh, Montgomery county, on Saturday last. He was brought down to the county prison.

THE SCHUYLKILL NAVIGATION COMPANY.—At a recent meeting of the Stockholders, a highly gratifying view of the affairs of the Company was submitted. During the year, 398,000 tons of coal were brought from the Pottsville region, by the canal, at little more than $1 per ton, including toll, freight and carriage. The freight in stories other than coal for the year, amounted to 175,000 tons. The statements of the report throughout, were gratifying, and well showed the energy and science in the management, as well as in the future prospects of the Company.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE.—On Saturday evening last, as a young man, named Charles Mellinger, was walking from Queen street, from the Woonsocoe Engine house, he being a member of said Engine, some unknown person shot at him from the opposite side of the way, and three slugs entered his thigh. He was carried home and placed under the care of a physician. A few moments previous, the engine house was assaulted by a shower of brickbats, and Molaters was also whilst trying to discover the persons that threw the missiles.

THE Soldier of the "Church of the Mighty," at the corner of Eleventh and Washington streets, is at this time constructing a spire seventy feet high upon the ground adjoining the church, which when completed, will be raised entire to the top of the tower. With the tower, the whole superstructure will be one hundred and seventy feet high. It is calculated that in about two weeks the spire will be finished, when the operation of putting it upon its place of destination will be performed.

AUCTION DUTIES.—During the fourth quarter of 1844, the amounts paid to the State by the following Auctioneers, viz: Thomas & Sons Myers, Clayborn & Co., $7,161 40; Farnese, Brinley & Co., 6,280 16; Clayborn & Hill, 3,201 12; Freeman & Co., 2,488 21; G. W. Leed, 2,049 60; Richards & Bispham, 1,959 24; M. Thomas & Son, 473 68; Moses Baldwin, 40 66. Total, $23,860 43.

THE Methodist Bethel Church have purchased the lot on Shippen street, between Penn and Swanson, for the purpose of erecting a colored church thereon. Should any objections from those favorable to the cause, will be thankfully received by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, at his residence, in Catharine, above Front street.

APPOINTMENT.—The commission of the Hon. Thomas Burnside, lately appointed one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, was issued by Governor Curtin, on Monday, by Joseph Comen, Esq., Prothonotary of the Court Judge Burnside then took his seat on the bench.

LARGE BELL.—The bell intended for the new church of St. Peter, corner of Old York Road and Franklin street, weighs 1,613 pounds, and was cast by Joseph Bernhard, Market street. It is a pretty piece of workmanship, and has a most excellent tone.

ACCIDENTS.—Two young men, named Joseph Epley and George Lewis, are held to trial, charged with being concerned in the robbery of the house of Mr. G. W. Leed, on New Years night. They offered the silver taken from that house for sale.

THE Eighth was celebrated in this city and suburbs by one or two public dinners. Mr. Polk, brother of the President elect, is in town, and was escorted to the different places and received with acclamations.

THE names of more than seven hundred and fifty individuals doing business and residing in the city of New York, reputed to be worth from $100,000 to $25,000,000, are given in an annual publication issued in the city of New York.

THE New York Express says—"An imports continue to be a great deal smaller than they were a year ago at this time, and as the orders generally are sent to Europe, we shall soon be sensibly affected by this diminution of receipts."

WEEKLY Report of Deaths in the city and county of New York, from the 20th to 27th December, 1844, to the 4th day of January, 1845—50 men, 37 women, 51 boys, 32 girls—Total 193.

THERE are now on exhibition in New York, three very magnificent and rare Feloe Mosaic, such as have never before been seen in this country. They are from the city of Rome.

THE new ship Montauk, built by W. H. Webb, in New York, went from that city to Canton in eighty-eight days, said to be the quickest passage on record.

A Registry Law for New York city, is now before the Common Council, but there is no probability of its being adopted, is a said by the State Legislature.

THE number of passengers who arrived in New York last year from foreign ports, was 414,602; being the greatest number in any one year, except 1842-43.

IT is said that an adequate subscription for the continuance of the Opera in New York, for twenty-four nights, has been obtained.

General News.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The Mercantile Journal publishes a statement of the commerce of Boston, during the year just closed, and we learn from it that the arrivals both foreign and coastwise, were:—Ships, 277; barks, 172; brigs, 1,652; schooners, 2,745, and sloops 158. Of the above, 15 barques, 131 brigs, 1,009 schooners, were British; 3 barques, 2 brigs, 1 schooner; 1 barque, 4 brigs, Swedish; 2 ships, 1 brig, Bremen; 1 barque, 2 brigs, Prussian; 1 brig, Hamburgh; 1 brig, Dutch; 1 barque, Norwegian; 1 brig, Sardinian; 1 barque, Austrian; and the remainder American.

THE number of passengers that arrived in the United States in 1844, 129,094 barrels of sperm oil, 270 582 barrels of black or whale oil, and 2,913 145 pounds of whalebone. The number of vessels engaged in the trade is 486, and 239 of them belong to New Bedford. In 1843, the importations into the United States amounted to 167,124 barrels of sperm, 28,339 barrels more than last year; 205,861 barrels of whale, 61,221 less than last year; and 1,926,813 pounds of whalebone, 1,076,824 pounds less than in 1844.

A FEAT.—The Albany people went on Monday night week to see John Smith attempt to run a mile within a circle of forty-two feet in diameter, in six minutes and thirty seconds. Difficult as was the feat, it was performed by Smith in six minutes and thirteen seconds! He flew around the circle forty-three times, and was the race and the plaudits of the multitude. It was confidently said that John could not do this.

THE ship Copernicus, Abrenafield, has arrived at New Orleans, from Bremen, with the magnificent astronomical apparatus, intended for the Observatory of Cincinnati.

IT is rumored that Cornelius P. Van Ness Minister to Spain, will be appointed one of the Supreme Court of New York, occasioned by the decease of Judge Thompson.

ON Friday evening week, Wm. F. Cleveland, aged 21, was instantly ocasioned by a load of new London, while sitting in his parlor, almost instantly expired.

THE Pocotaligo, Me., Farmer states the quite a number of cattle and swine have died in that county from eating diseased potatoes.

THE Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen, have elected Dr. J. L. Gerhen, of Baltimore, a member.

T. W. Robinson, Esq., American Consul at Santa Martha, on the Spanish Main, died on the 6th of November last.

Macbeth, translated into German, was recently performed at St. Louis by a German Company.

Fresh shad was served up at the City Hotel, Savannah, Ga., on New Year's Day.

The people of the United States owe some five million pounds of tea annually.

The enrolled militia of Massachusetts, amounts to 61,041 men.

BISHOP ONDERDONK.

The trial of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, on certain charges affecting his moral conduct, has resulted in his conviction on several of the specifications; and in the suspension from his Episcopal functions. There were eighteen specifications. On one he was not arraigned, and on the rem

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Agents are particularly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. *Very small sums* are not acceptable to us. *Bills on Banks in the interior*, as well as bills of the paper in the solid vessel.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri; for *Maine, Vermont, N. H., Conn., R. I., Massachusetts, Canada, C. W. Canada East, & Nova Scotia, J. T. Down & Co., Montreal, Canada.*
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STONE, Canada West and E. W. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York State.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.
JAMES PIERCE, of Boston, is our Agent for New Jersey.
Mr. W. has an extending agent by the name of Wm. Small. Beware of counterfeit.

Notices of New Works.

MISS WATERMAN'S POEMS.—We would bespeak public attention to a forthcoming volume of Poems, to be published by the Appletons—as well for the intrinsic merits of the work, as because the Agent of the Author will be made up of a selection from the many beautiful poems which have been contributed to the periodical literature by Miss Catherine H. Waterman, now Mrs. Rosling. They are of the true poetry of the heart—pure, elevated and refined in their tone, and full of the truest feminine purity. The sentiments and thoughts are such as do credit to the head and heart of the writer, and we can not fail to do good to the reader. If any of our friends would bespeak copies, we should be most happy to convey their orders to the author.

ILLUSTRATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE. *New York: Harper. Philadelphia*—Just received from *Harper, Fortune, and Parent & Co*—The sixteenth number of this work comes down to the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. It is illustrated with numerous engravings, less than six large engravings. The subjects of these are—The Vale of the Jordan—The Ancient Hebrew Idolatry: Rabshakeh and his Counsellors; The Death of Saul; Elijah's Sacrifice, and Elisha and the Shunamite. The size and appearance of this work is the same as the number, and beautiful and delicate in execution. The price is twenty-five cents per number, and it is to be completed in about forty. It has an appropriate ornament of many a table.

THE ISLANDS *of North and South America: Their Manners, Customs, and Antiquities. By the Author of Peter Parley's Tales.* Illustrated by numerous Engravings. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—This well arranged and abundantly written work is the third in Peter Parley's Cabinet Series, which treats expressly of the American Indians, while in one or two of the others, the subject of the work is treated in connection with the general subject. It gives the reason of history, travel, and speculation upon the manners of the Aborigines, our language, the Antiquities and Mexicans; and will be found a useful and agreeable book for young and old. Its typographical execution and illustration, it is neat and tasteful.

THE HOME AND TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY. We bespeak the attention of our readers to the new publication which appears in this day's paper. That advertisement fully sets forth the benefits and advantages which the issue of books in this form is calculated to confer, and we most heartily add a word more than to congratulate the public at the prominence which is given to works of merit, so cheap and neat in form. We believe too, that the character of the works published will be such as will not disadvantageously supersede the numerous trash which forms so large a proportion of what are known as cheap publications.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. *By the Rev. George Cleveland, Late Professor of Ancient History in Yale College. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co., and Parrot & Co.*—Part 3 of this work has been received. Besides the first volume of this work, which will be completed in two. Its reputation as a standard will make this neat and compact edition very desirable to the student; and, by the way, the Harpers are doing wonders in making the most excellent works accessible to moderately deep purses.

THE TWO APPRENTICES. *A Tale for Youth. By Mary Howitt. Illustrated by Billings. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* This is a plain and pleasant story written story; full of such homely incidents as every body can appreciate, and which, if they have not actually occurred, are certainly not mistake them. There is rather more ingenuity in the construction of the plot than is usual in juvenile exhibits; and as a whole it compares excellently well with her other and more elaborate productions. It is one of no writer who is doing more and better for youth than Mary Howitt.

SHAW'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. The prospectus of this work will be found in the day's paper. The January number has been forwarded to us; and we find it to be a repository of a neatly executed, and really useful miscellany. The matter is various, and prepared with taste and care, and the work altogether will be a welcome visitor to a family of any taste.

THE IMMIGRANTS REVIEW. The prospectus of this able periodical has been received by *Zieber & Co.* It is conducted with a portion of the late Hon. Henry A. Muhlenberg, and is devoted to the interests of the cause of unusual excellence. With its political papers we have nothing to do, except to say that they are, as usual, unusually written.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER—as the paper is usually called, though its proper title is the Daily Evening Traveller, has put on a new and neat typographical dress. Frederick Andrews, the publisher, is a gentleman of the old school. Mr. Porter, and the old Traveller will maintain an enviable and well established reputation.

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CHARACTER. *Zieber & Co.*—This is a new edition, in which the whole work is republished without alteration or abridgement. A valuable part of the volume is the Introductory Lecture on the Study of Organic Chemistry, delivered at the University of Georgia during the Winter Session of 1846-7.

WASHINGTONIANISM. *By Thos. Hood. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This a collection in one volume of the miscellaneous writings of the late of Hood, and the first that ever in the world—his loving Tom Hood. It is illustrated, and the engravings sparkle with humor as well as the letter press.

THE BULLETIN OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. The December number of this valuable periodical, a double volume, has been issued by *Herrington & Haswell.* The index includes how various and interesting the contents have been to the profession.

SCOTT'S COMMENTARY. No. 9 of Mr. Campbell's genius edition of Scott's Family Bible has made its appearance. One more number completes the first volume.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1845. After the presentation of petitions and memorials upon various subjects, and the passage of a bill for granting certain lands to the Erie and Wabash Canal, the Senate went into Executive Session, and shortly afterward adjourned over to Monday.

IN THE HOUSE, after an ineffectual attempt to suspend the rules, and proceed to the regular business of the morning hour, viz. such reports made by committees as had not been acted on. The first in order was the report on the Dorr case. After a long discussion of the majority and minority reports were ordered to be printed. The question then came up on the adoption of the resolution which declares that a report of the majority of the Select Committee constituted a "republican form of government recommended by a convention of Dorr's friends and put to the vote of the people, was a republican law of Rhode Island; and that the interference of the President of the United States in late rebellion in that State was unwarranted by the Constitution and laws of the United States. Mr. Elmer, of N. J., spoke in opposition to the resolution, and was followed by Messrs. Brodhead, Ashmun, and Mr. Chas. J. Ingersoll then took the floor in defence of the project of annexation.

In the course of his speech, Mr. J. said that he was astonished by those who, he was well assured, had not deceived him—and he could assure the house and the country that in making the assignment he was not deceiving them —he say, and he did here take the responsibility of stating, that whatever angry feeling might now prevail between us and Mexico, there was no reason to believe that any rupture with Mexico would be the consequence of "annexation." He had asked for information where he ought not to be, and where he believed he had not been, deceived; there was a sinew of war, the best of all its sinews, namely, money, which would heal all our breaches with that Power. In the next place, he said, possibly some would be surprised to hear him state, further, that, in regard to Great Britain, there was just as little reason to believe that the measure would produce any rupture in that quarter. (A voice here inquired, 'And Oregon too?') Mr. I. said that, as to Oregon, that subject was under negotiation, and he did not know what the state of the question might be. But, in regard to Texas, he was satisfied that, so long as how ever Great Britain might desire to have a more intimate connection with that country, how ever much she might desire to see all the states of Texas emancipated, and however little she might like to see the country annexed to the United States, yet there was every reason to believe that negotiation would occasion no rupture with that Power. He affirmed also, that the measure was not objectionable to France, where we were at one time assured it would be. Annexation then was a pacific measure, and could be the consequence of it. Mr. Ingersoll affirmed that this was a Southern question, and as John and Samuel Adams thought it best to have a Southern President, he himself into your pockets with a dexterity truly alarming, and cannot be too rigidly and carefully guarded against. Nothing in the shape of a forced loan comes amiss to him, and he serves a sort of black mail on all his acquaintance, who are glad to buy him off, upon almost any terms. He is valuable, as teaching a Christian duty—for all who know him (and all are his creditors) forgive him his debts on condition of his relieving them of his presence.

But time and space would fail us to give even the names of these amusing specimens of natural history. We cannot even glance at all the varieties, for the catalogue is legion. Let them, however, belong to what particular order they may, there is no mistaking their genus; and whoever is wise will keep them all out of his premises, and, when they are caught, treat as a chemist treats the agents he employs. They are useful in studying human nature, but without exceeding care, may prove a dear service for men of moderate means. Knowing the world is only another phrase for understanding people—for, in the world wonderfully do they preponderate.

State Legislature.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The Legislature of this State met at the Capitol on Monday, and organized by the election of William A. Wilcox Speaker, of the Senate, and Findlay Patterson, Speaker of the House.

The Message of Governor Potter was communicated on Wednesday. We subjoin an abstract, embracing its most important suggestions.

The Governor commences with a review of the causes for the embarrassment of the State Finances, and proceeds to a statement of their present condition. He states that the amount of loans assumed by the people of the State, is $9,013,704,—the amount received is $1,925,000 —and the amount outstanding $1,088,674. He says he does not at present see how the ordinary annual revenue will amount to $1,500,000—a sum, entirely adequate, with the other resources of the State to discharge the interest on the public debt, and secure the fidelity of the State to her engagements. He says that the tax laws are substantially unobjectionable in public opinion, and recommends the adoption of some more efficient mode of collecting the tax.

The whole debt of the State is Funded debt, $30,000,000. Loan (order sum) $1,438,176. Domestic Creditors, $104,364—total, $40,835,613.

The annual interest on the funded debt of the State, payable at the Bank of the Commonwealth, and on certificates issued for interest, is 1,737,370 50. The annual interest on the loan of 1841, payable at the same place, is the sum of $677,313 50, payable on the 1st day of February next. It is stated in addition to the above, that on the 1st day of January, 1846, and on the 1st day of February, then the further sum of $67,000 84, will be required.

The receipts into the Treasury during the fiscal year, ending on the 30th of November last, and the whole available balance from the previous year:

The appropriations for the same period, including the interest on the debt,	$2,511,377 03
	1,847,365 15
Leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 30th of November,	663,901 88
There was also an available balance in the Treasury on the 1st of December last, of	36,497 00
The receipts during the month of December, exclusive of disbursements, were	130,681 23
Which sum is added to the receipts and expenditures, for the present month,	100,000 00
Making the amount in the Treasury on the 1st of February, about	$901,080 11

The balance embraces the sum of $50 000 of relief notes, which the State Treasurer withheld from cancellation, by the Act of 1842, and which he has since applied by the Legislature to the payment of interest on the loans of 1841 and 1842. The Governor states that he does that the Commonwealth will be prepared to meet the interest on the loan of 1841, which will fall due

Selected Poetry.

OLD WINTER.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[The following lines were composed by Miss S. to a company of singers who call themselves the Orphans' Family—no Orphans, as none the newspapers call them.]

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the cry had risen,
With a burst of proud criumph and boyish glee;
As round his carpeted hall he was seen
With a sturdy alliance are wing;
For the fires burn bright, and the comforters tall
Are contained with the greatest ease.
The winds may howl and the snows may fall,
But what dark they to us, old man Winter?

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the gay hal rises,
As he stamps into the storm,
Or s'en the ice-bound streamlet flies,
Like a skeleton the wrapping bow;
For groomin warm are about his form,
And his spirit is rich and rare.
Of some may blunder and curse and storm,
But what dark they to us, old man Winter?

"Oh! Winter is dreary!" the poor man cries,
As he wrings his frozen hands,
While the home is his free-spired visage flies
And lemonies in their stead.
"Oh! Winter is drear!" But there's none to hear
The sad wail of the cold;
For the gaunt form of a rich forbearing ear—
Where is that he longs to sold!

"Alas, it is Winter! And wo is me!"
The Widow exclaims, and sighs;
The shivering Orphans around her knee,
Echo the mournful cries.
"I wrap my form in my robes so fair,
And nothing comes to me to be chrouged way,
And nothing comes to me,
While the Widow and Orphans freeze!

Ay! Winter is drear! Oh, ye rich ar'e mine
Ay my sorrow and memory bless!
Ye who bring light and joy into e vere roo'e,
Who relieve the suffering and poor,
For Heaven has blest you with means of store
And how should your bounte appear,
But by shielding the poor from hunger and cold,
And making their lives less drear?

Popular Tales.

MILKMAN OF WALWORTH.

(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

"Not another moment—not one moment longer! I must get up—he is waiting for me! how I am blundering, for he declares that though you cannot see the dawn through that dismal rain. Let me go—mercy, mercy, will he me go; he shall not go another day that I won't be near him to remind him of—"

Leaving the candle near the door, my guide approached the bed, and beckoned me to follow. I also obeyed, and even through that semi-obscure down that enveloped the place, I recognized, in the creature I was struggling to assist, her who her will flashing eyes now wilder with fever and insanity, the well-remembered wanderer of the night, who had so terrified me by her wild wanderings.

"Ha!" she continued, after stopping suddenly, as lunatics will do when a stronger unexpectedly suggests, and listening one moment for some minutes. "Ha! I knew I was late now—he has gone! He has never waited for me first time, too, for seventeen—eighteen—oh! so many long years. Ha, ha! all is black, too Barnard—and you're a handsome wealthy bride"—and she glanced at the woman, who stood beside me, "but, fiend, her bridal ring rattle—not a whole bone," she said, with a hysterical laugh, "is her lease more. Mary!"

In this way she continued to rave, during the short time I remained in the apartment. I attempted to ask her a few questions, to ascertain, if possible, how far the distraction of her mind was concurrent upon her discovery that her only relative were mad and incoherent allusions to pe sons and circumstances which seemed entirely to engross her attention. Finding my presence of no avail, I quitted the place, and was about to depose a small sum with the hostess for the sufferer's use, when she very ingenuously informed me that it was at the moment necessary, that person herself having always, in the payment of her weekly rent, entrusted to her hands money sufficient to supply the wants of several ensuing days.

At length we sometimes had enough off, or, when they dentist got his work at Mr. Cabbit's, still, there, if I was to wrong a poor, sickly creature like that of her bride of change, would such care and attention to her sick tenant should not go unrewarded, I departed, escorted by "Mother Jones," and intimated to her that no intelligence of the "new was to be obtained at Tom Reilly's. On making our way into Holborn, I called for a coach, arranged, and, giving him my address, I dispatched him to fetch with the boy, directing him at the same time, not to allow the woman to be removed unless her director was a coming gone one (which I was persuaded, it was not), and requesting should the aid of a physician be necessary, he would at once summon it, for which, with all other expenses, I would be answerable. Touching that latter point, I had had informed me as we came along, that he did not think three shillings was at all a bad fee for money, as she procured it about once a month, he thought the only time she ever went abroad, from some "gentleman's office in the courts.

Although living at such a distance, I contrived to see the unfortunate invalid several times in the following week. I found her each time in the matter of her disorder. An eminent physician had been called in once or twice during its most violent paroxysms, and stated that it was likely her malady was not the cause, but the consequence, of some extraordinary mental excitement. Under the judicious treatment he pointed out, the fever gradually subsided, and for a short time there was an appearance in the patient of thoroughly convalescence. But her physical energies were exhausted, and it was evident that a very short period would terminate existence. Her delirium, too, never wholly ceased in its fluctuations, if indeed it had ever for years exercised them in that wearied brain. Her ideas seemed a certain degree of confusion, but she was able to converse occasionally with calmness, to recognize faces familiar to her, and appeared sensible of and even grateful for my visits, and the assiduity with which I sought to awaken her to some preparation for the great approaching change; but

As for peace than

Of thought, once landed, never clear'd again.

never wholly cleared. The lightning of instantaneous flashes from the heavy cloud that hung upon her soul. The allusions, too, in the wild ballad of making to some transactions of bygone years, were of so startling a nature, that I could not but suspect in my early impression she had been at one time of her life implicated in some wonderful crime, or at least in some enormous. Upon this point I was not attention, if possible, to win her gradually to confide to me the secret of her guilt—if such she began by this means to relieve her spirit by mentioning it also to the hushed and distress.

With the quick perception of persons laboring like her under most embittered anxiety, I seemed to anticipate my purpose. I was once removing sitting by her bedside, when she suddenly inquired:

You asked me yesterday if I remembered having ever seen you before I was attacked by late attack—and I said no. It was false. I awoke as I thought at the time, but, on looking at you now, I recollect you were one of those people I often met at Walworth. I was there, you once attempted to get into his confidence—you do not interrupt me—I say you once attempted to learn his secret; but you failed, you were not sufficiently artful. You were too open, too apparent in mind and language to the wretched class amongst whom you lived. You should have led the life——— Stay! send for a sheriff's officer, I will tell you."

I assured her I saw no necessity at that moment for the person—for I perceived by her eyes an alm appeared somewhat more excited than I had seen her for several days; I endeavored to lead her away from the theme which appeared to pained her, by turning the conversation to some different subject. But it could not do—she still reverted to the point at which she had broken off, and I was at length obliged to let her pursue the course of her own thoughts as she pleased.

"You did you ever think me handsome? Many once thought me so; but that is long ago. My father was still handsome. He was like you—a great of two brothers, both wealthy. They were plain tradesmen—farmers—cattle men, was a widower, with each a daughter. So far the likeness is not smilar; I was not fair for constant. My father spent his wealth, died, and left me a beggar. He—my poor mother—Martha's friend it, and let his child an heir one—a Yeomanian—a prize for all the bumpkins in the country. He was glad to be rid of me with her. We kept home together. We were both of an age—proud, extreme, fiercely and, for our station, or rather for a higher one, well educated. Henry Barnard created the enmity balance. Like my father, I was vain, jealous, unsuspecting—and it was his interest to be so. Barnard, cunning, treacherous, and would—for well was too strong for her—have triumphed. My mother had numerous offers of marriage, I had none. Among several young men who frequented our society, was a wealthy merchant, named Barnard. You have seen him. When you first looked into his eyes little short ed. He had ever that cursed look of Cain upon his forehead, though I would not a little have loved enough. Barnard was rich; recently, agreeable—what was evident, he was my master, the only one amid though that was attentive, kind, obliging to me. I was grateful, and next loved him—you shall hear how well.

"Our match began to be talked of. Martha from some whim disapproved of it. He ceased to visit at the house—but I would not give him up; and while he contemplated, as I thought, arrangements for our escape, we often met in secret. Judgment is ever with him now—mine in hand, and I will not lead him with guilt that, after all, may not be his. He was the only being that cared for me on earth, and I clung to him with a wretched affection. How do I know but it was this mad confidence that first awoke in him the fiend in his soul? That wine—

I held the glass to her lips; and, while I wiped the damp drops of agony from her brow, thought her in order to calm herself of her story until she was more capable of pursuing it.

"No," she said, "it must be now or not at all. I am stronger than I have been for months to-day. Where was I? Reading back day after day in Martha's tangled, but not an unhoping spirit; for I still looked forward to its fulfilling by means of the one more was a visitor at our house. I did not know why—I did not care—he was there, and I was satisfied. I had no eyes for anything else. But the blow was coming. It fell—it smote us all to dust.

"I was one morning occupied alone in some of my domestic duties, when Barnard's name pronounced by two female servants of our farm, who were employed in the most ignorant. I listened—drew near—while they were merely agreeing how natural it was for Mr. Barnard to have jilted Martha (as he yet my name to unpronounced)—and taken up with Miss Marwho had all the fashion. Was it not a natural remark? So natural that every being in the parish had immediately made it but me, whose heart it broke to hear it. I rushed from the spot, a most upbraiding before my eyes—and I confronted my false friend! I found him, and alone. I told him of the report I had overheard. He said it was not new to him. I charged him with perfidy—he avowed it. Half-frenzied, I attempted to catch his hand. He coolly withdrew it. I knelt before him—I told him he knew I wept, and prayed that he would bless me by trending me to death beneath his feet. He extricated himself with a laugh, but one not to be feared, and left me.

"Before I rose from the spot where I had fallen, the gentleman passed, as it were, suddenly across me, and some black passon from the house, when Barnard's name pronounced in my ears. It was IEALOUT. I returned home, and fastened in here an interview with Barnard. Hitherto I had been afraid of a quiet, timid disposition—I was now bold from frenzy and betrayed affection. I upbraided my enemy with duplicity, with meanness in receiving the advantages he had with myself and my friends. She resented by drawing comparisons between her own disinterested love and his mercenary views. At these I smiled—bitterly, perhaps, but still I smiled. She scoffed at my jibes that Barnard was my affianced husband, declared her intention of marrying him, and ended by insinuating that I had but one way to be revenged.

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"She was right. I knew I was right. I was determined to be revenged. I would not give him up; and while he contemplated, as I thought, arrangements for our escape, we often met in secret. Judgment is ever with him now—mine in hand, and I will not lead him with guilt that, after all, may not be his. He was the only being that cared for me on earth, and I clung to him with a wretched affection. How do I know but it was this mad confidence that first awoke in him the fiend in his soul? That wine—

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